

A TRIBUTE TO LEO BRIDGE BY HIS NEIGHBORS IN CLUSTER D

Some three years ago the Residents of Cluster D sadly paid tribute to Ann Bridge and expressed our gratitude for having had the privilege of living near her. Today we again try to find words to express our sorrow at the loss of another remarkable neighbor, Leo Bridge.

Leo was so quiet and reserved about his own problems that we were not fully aware of how ill he had become in recent months.

Because of his quiet manner, it was difficult to remember that he was a very active neighbor, and an even more active Resident of Broadmead and of the community at large.

If he wasn't baking a pie to share with others, he was working in his garden or Broadmead's Rose Garden -- when he wasn't serving the Residents Association in many capacities.

From "Day One" Leo was a participant at Broadmead -- in the early days, getting things started, and in more recent years keeping them going.

His Broadmead record tells the story -- a member of the Board of Directors for most of the years here, an officer for four years, an early promoter of BRAF and a member of its Board and its Fund Development Committee, and in later years -- his real love -- editor of the Voice of the Residents.

It takes a lot of people like Leo to keep a community like Broadmead operating at a high quality level. Because he was a major factor in developing the Community, he will hopefully be an example for those who follow in the jobs he did.

We in Cluster D shall miss him for more personal reasons -- especially his cheerful, uncomplaining self.

But our loss is compensated for by the remembrance of both Bridges -- two neighbors who made a difference and who made living here something special.

FROM LEO BRIDGE'S STAFF

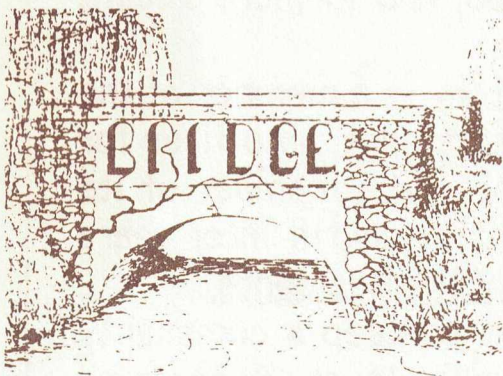
Staff members of the Voice wanted to celebrate their rich and meaningful association with Leo while he was for four years their Editor. Coming together in response to this leading, they decided to make individual expressions of their appreciation. These now compose this special issue of the Voice in grateful commemoration.

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I worked with Leo each month on the format -- pasting, cutting, selecting decorations and putting the Voice together. He frequently talked of his enjoyment of the work. He loved writing and researching articles, considering this his most important contribution to Broadmead. He thought about improvements, carefully reviewing newspapers from other centers and meeting with editors to learn what they were thinking. His enthusiasm and dedication showed in his work, which even continued in the hospital. After completing the format, Leo's final words were always the same: "Thank you for helping."

- Helen Mary Overstreet

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None of us who wrote for Leo will forget the notepaper on which he gave us our assignments. It's a symbolic name that perfectly fits the remarkable man that Leo Bridge was. To lose him is like seeing a vital bridge washed away. How, we wonder, do we manage without such a bridge?

- Phyllis Tyler

Leo always welcomed nature articles, for he was himself quite knowledgeable about birds and wildflowers. Guiding us with the gentle hand of a sensitive editor, he appreciated equally the tentative efforts of new contributors and the polished writings of experienced authors. He upheld the continuity of purpose and tradition begun by our founding Editor, Jim Fleming, and carried on by Draza Kline. With his unique and kindly sense of humor he kept his staff happy and produced a fine Voice.

- Nancy Rowe



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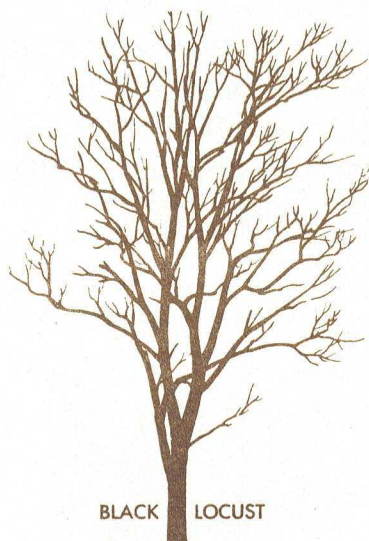
Leo and I sometimes played word games. He knew he would stump me in a Voice write-up of my Park School painting exhibit by describing a landscape as appearing "through a slight brume." -- He did! With his inimitable sense of humor he concluded the article with a parenthetical sentence: "(I wish I had the nerve to say this was a rare Hamburger.)" -- He did have!

In a serious vein: To Klare and me Leo's death especially revealed the poignancy with which the loss of a Broadmead-made friend is felt. Friendships are particularly cherished here.

- Louis Hamburger

Leo was a superb editor. His wide interest in various subjects made his editorials a delight to those who looked forward to them every month. With the initials "lb" the only clue to their authorship, they spanned sunsets and sunrises, the latest news on the political scene, wildflowers, wild birds.... To his mill all things were grist. Through his vital interest in life itself, Leo made those who knew him the better for their contact with him.

- Mildred Williams



BLACK LOCUST

My appreciation of Leo Bridge has been a growth process over the years as I became acquainted with his many admirable facets. First, I noted his able investigative reports produced on assignment when he was vice president of our Residents Association. I was struck by his own excellently manicured garden plot, even more than by his delightful photo review of Broadmead's plant life, presented at one of our hobby shows. Once, when I asked him for a cutting of his "twisti-turni willow," he handed me a rooted one now growing outside our window. Capping all these observations was the feeling of fun that he as Editor injected in the Voice.

- Amos Horney

What a delight to work, as a volunteer, with Leo Bridge! Leo was always the same. His cheerful smile made the day a brighter one. He was always ready to help or advise when needed. He gave so generously of himself in many areas. Broadmead has suffered a real loss. Leo was one of the people who have made Broadmead an especially delightful place in which to live.

- Betty Mercer

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I met Leo and Ann Bridge the first time I came to Broadmead. Their warm friendliness, common sense suggestions and obvious satisfaction with their lifestyle convinced me that I wanted to live in the place that attracted such interesting persons. Later, I was fortunate to know them as friends. We laughed together, worked together, read together, bantered with each other. I shall always treasure my firm friendship with this remarkable couple.

- Helen Criley



A couple of years ago, I told Leo I would have to give up writing for the Voice, but he repeatedly refused to remove my name from the staff roster. His reasons were flimsy, but then every few months he would call to suggest a tempting subject for an article. No pressure, just: "You may feel like doing it in a month or two!" I couldn't, but the game was fun!

- Draza Kline

Soon after my arrival at Broadmead, Leo asked if I would do some pen and ink drawings for the Voice of the Residents. Thus began two years of very pleasant contact. It was he who suggested the Broadmead rabbit that was to be drawn doing whatever was pertinent for that month's issue. Leo was always pleased with any drawings submitted, and working with him was a great pleasure. I will indeed miss him.

- Esther Donahue



How is it possible to capture in words the day-to-day impact of a quiet, unobtrusive personality like Leo who was actually a powerhouse in this community? I have never known anyone quite as "unflappable" as our former Editor. Did we get our materials to him a little late, too long, too far off target? --He could deal with the problems, leave us feeling appreciated, and get the Voice out on schedule without ever losing that good-humored, warm smile of his. Leo's philosophical outlook was probably contagious. Perhaps it was his fondness for rabbits, which were certainly going to be a part of life at Broadmead, that helped us better to accept this fact, even while the little creatures were nibbling on our gardens.

- Claire Walker

Meeting in the hall to remind me of printing deadlines, making helpful suggestions about new Resident write-ups, such as the addition of maiden names and admission dates -- those were my associations with Editor Leo. I shall miss him.

-- Betsy Griffin

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At a time when Jim Fleming cannot write in person, the Staff wants to express appreciation of Jim's continued interest in the Voice. Leo often mentioned his pleasure in their exchanges about editorial experiences.

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Never the Spirit was born;
the Spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not:
End and Beginning are dreams.

Birthless and deathless and changeless,
the Spirit remaineth forever.
Death hath not changed it at all,
dead though the house of it seems.

- Bhagavad Gita